The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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VISION.

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpling drop I see
Wild flowers on distant hills.

The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom;
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.

A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

CHEERFULNESS.

We owe it to ourselves that we be cheerful, because a man is his best, his truest, his highest self when he is cheerful. To be cheerless is to cripple or to deaden one's powers. A cheerless man is not, as a rule, more than half a man. He has surrendered his best self to his environment, or to some incident or accident which has happened to touch him. He is doing little more in consequence than to hang on to life with a nerveless sort of grasp. He is sadly waiting for life to come in new and fuller tides, instead of engendering life within himself as a source of personal energy. To be himself, a man must come out of the fog and throw off his stupor and be of good cheer. "Give us, oh, give us," said a great man of letters of the last generation, "the man who sings at his work. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its power of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous, a spiritual sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright."

In order to get the most good out of life a man must be cheerful, uniformly so. Opportunities are not seized by the cheerless. Their hand is nerveless: the opportunity therefore passes ere they can grasp it. The great goods of life yield only to those who follow them with zest. A half-hearted man misses them because they never come his way begging him to appropriate them, and because he can never bring himself to look them up. All this is not saying that life should be without poise and serenity, that it should be restless and anxious and troubled; for this would be fatal to cheerfulness. We can, I am sure, enter very heartily into the thought of our American naturalist, John Burroughs, as expressed in a poem of his:—

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate;
For lo, my own shall come to me.

"I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

. . . . . .

"The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tide wave to the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own from me."

Then, too, a man owes it to others that he be cheerful. By being of good cheer he may beget good cheer in them, for nothing in the world is more contagious. As electricity may light the gas of a great hall by passing through a wire quickly from chandelier to chandelier or jet to jet, so men may be quickened and illumined and cheered by the electric touch of a courageous soul who irradiates the heartiest of good cheer. As Jesus, in one of the singular stories of his Galilean life, is said to have appeared in a trying moment to his distressed, storm-tossed disciples with his, "Be of good cheer: it is I, be not afraid," so the brave, unselfish soul is ever doing as he goes among the troubled and perplexed. Then there is Paul who comes before us to-day. In his Epistle to the Philippians, when presumably, if he wrote the letter, he was a prisoner in Rome, he wrote exhorting his old converts, who were living in the midst of enemies, to rejoice, to be glad of heart. His words thrill us because they come, as we can see, out of a heart of good cheer. It is so in the case of another. We can but feel and be stirred by the lofty spirit and hearty cheer of that old English martyr who, as he was burning at the stake for his faith, cried out to a friend who was burning near him: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out." Ah, yes, Bishop Latimer, in that morning of the Reformation, thou thyself didst light a candle. By thy words of good cheer and thy example thou hast heartened tens of thousands of souls and rendered it possible for them to stand up for the truth with a pitying smile for all those who deny to men the right to espouse the truth as it evidences itself to the holy of holies of their own souls.

Undoubtedly it is true that one by his cheerfulness may not only beget cheerfulness in others, but may also create an atmosphere of good cheer in which it is easier for them to do their work. Thomas Carlyle, in the passage which I quoted a few moments ago, speaks of men as finding it easier to march or to work to the sound of music. Choice music is, as we know, enlivening, cheering, and elevating, so is the presence of one who is markedly cheerful. In his presence, especially if he be an employer or leader or overseer, it is easier for men to do their work: drudgery ceases in a measure to be drudgery. There can be no question, then, but that we owe it to others as well as to ourselves, quite as much perhaps as we owe it to ourselves, that we be cheerful.

But we must keep ourselves in touch with the deepest, truest sources of thought and life if we would be of good cheer. Our will to be of good cheer ought in part to be a will to keep within easy reach of and to go often to these sources of renewal. There must be on our part the faith that all that is somehow means good, that all that is is somehow moving through the lower stages of being upward, that man especially is ascending, and that he must ever ascend, that

"Life shall on and upward go:
The eternal step of progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow
Which God repeats."

With this faith there must be an outreaching of our lives for the good which is at the heart of things. So living, we may, if we will, be of good cheer and may at the same time gladden others by our cheeriness. We need not borrow trouble. We do well to recall the words of Lowell in another connection: "Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come." The real trials of life, its most perplexing anxieties and most severe disappointments may be met with fortitude and cheery confidence if one will but let the good that is over all and in all find its way in generous tides into his own soul and uplift and gladden him. And we, if we are so wrought upon, will serve others hopefully and cheerily. Though the vessel upon which we are goes to pieces, we may so hearten our fellow-passengers that all may be saved. Usually we shall find that the vessel is able to weather the storm if all on board are cheered by our joyous enthusiasm. At all events cheerfulness is a duty not to be evaded. By our example, as truly as by our word, we must exhort others to be of good cheer.—*Edward Day.*

THE STILL HOUR.

TRUST.

The clouds hang heavy 'round my way,
I cannot see;
But through the darkness I believe
God leadeth me.
'Tis sweet to keep my hand in His
While all is dim;

To close my weary, aching eyes,
And follow Him.
Through many a thorny path He leads
My tired feet;
Through many a path of tears I go,
But it is sweet
To know that He is close to me,
My God, my Guide.
He leadeth me, and so I walk,
Quite satisfied.
To my blind eyes, He may reveal
No light at all;
But, while I lean on His strong arm,
I cannot fall.
—*Henry Alford.*

To love is the great glory, the last culture, the highest happiness: to *be* loved is little in comparison.—*Selected.*

Human love is itself the best worship. Human love is itself the holiest presence of God, and is the best proof that the Divine Love which has produced it and lives in it will fulfil all the promises whispered here. *Henry M. Simmons.*

Would we only endeavor to take God's view of those among whom we dwell, and among whom our daily intercourse lies, how gentle, how patient, how earnest in all good works and kind offices, how averse from everything that could give offence, should we be!—*Andrew P. Peabody.*

PRAYER.

O Thou, whose life-giving energy flows ceaselessly through all things, we rejoice in the glorious revealing of thyself in nature, in the tokens of thy might and of thy love which we behold on every side. We thank thee for all the bountiful gifts and the gracious promise of this season of brightness and hope, when we trace again the workings of that unseen power which, with each returning spring, calls forth fresh life and growth, and renews the face of the earth. And, while we bless thee for the beauty which thou sheddest around our path, we pray that it may find some reflection in our own lives, in the beauty of holiness and the grace of gentleness and pure affection, and in the peace of a good conscience. May thy creative spirit be breathed into us, with power to freshen and renew our life, and fill our souls with strength and beauty; and may the precious seed of thy word fall into good ground, where it may spring up and bear fruit according to the measure which thou hast appointed. Amen.—*The Christian Register.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe St., Quincy, Mass.*]

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 237 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Lucy G. Young, 10 Central Street, Winchester, Mass., offers the following books: Ollendorf's "New German Grammar," Ollendorf's "Method of Learning to Write and Speak German," "Key to Ollendorf's Method of Learning German," Ollendorf's "Method of Learning to Speak and Write French."

The following books are offered by the St. Louis branch. Address, Mrs. J. Hal. Lynch, Clayton, Missouri. "Merchant of Venice," Shakespeare; "Quo Vadis," Henryk Sienkiewicz; "White Company," Doyle; "Stepping Heavenward," Prentiss; "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin"; "The Pioneers," Cooper; "First History of France," L. Creighton; "In His Name," E. E. Hale; "History of England," Coman and Kendall; "Myer's General History"; "Seven American Classics," Irving; "E. A. Poe's Poems"; "The Pathfinder," Cooper; "Elsie's Little Brother Tom"; two copies "Lady of the Lake," Scott; three copies "Vision of Sir Launfal," Lowell; "Rip Van Winkle," Irving; "The Alhambra," Irving; "The Holy Grail," Tennyson; "Tales of the White Hills," Hawthorne; "Henry VIII.," Shakespeare; a general collection of school books in good condition, including a number of Latin, French, German, and Spanish text-books: magazines of recent date; a complete file of the *Atlantic Monthly*, for 1905 and 1906.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Having been a member of the Cheerful Letter Society for some time, I would be glad to receive some literature: anything in books, magazines, or papers would be thankfully received. I am very fond of reading, and do not have access to much literature. I live in the country where it is very quiet, and have bad health, so am unable to get anywhere often. Mrs. Josephine H. Merryman, Rustburg, Virginia.

2. It has been quite a while since I have asked you for reading. I get some fine papers which I appreciate very much, but would like to get some magazines and books of any kind for young and old (anything except novels), also pictures and books for little folks that cannot read. Anything I can get will be passed on. (Mrs.) Ada V. Wann, Waxahachie, Texas, R. F. D. No. 2.

3. I would be glad to receive a children's "Primer," "English Grammar," "Black Beauty," and history, and any good reading, books for children. (Mrs.) Nannie E. Turner, Dodson, Patrick County, Virginia.

4. I wish to thank one and all of you for so kindly remembering me in the past with good reading. Will some one kindly send "St. Elmo"? I would like the *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Youth's Companion* for the boys and girls. With best wishes for the Cheerful Letter friends. Mrs. Sarah Bowen, Ben Franklin, Texas, Delta County.

5. I would be glad to receive some good reading for me and my little girl in the way of books and magazines, juvenile books, etc. I am thankful for any kind of reading. Mrs. Florence Spencer, Reck, Indian Territory.

6. Will you please send me "The People's Practical Poultry Book" and "Allegories of Life," and also Tennyson's "Poems," Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," Whittier's "Poems," Whittier's "Tent on the Beach." Mrs. A. M. Maner, Hath, North Carolina.

7. *Delineator*, 1907, or *Woman's Home Companion* are asked for by Miss Ella V. Grant, Sandidges, Virginia.

8. Mrs. A. E. Hicks, Monroe, Virginia, asks for *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1907. (Mrs. Hicks has the January number.)

9. The fifth book of the "Sherborn House Series," is asked for by Mrs. H. O. Blaisdell, St. Albans, Maine.

10. I thank you all for magazines and other reading that has been sent me. Many having no name attached, I could not thank the sender. I have received *McClure's Magazine* for the last two years, but have never known by whom it was sent; but I thank them so much. Now I wish to have my address changed from Carthage, South Dakota, to Fairview, Montana. I hope the kind friends that have remembered me in the past will not forget me. Mrs. Clara Boles, Fairview, Montana.

11. Mrs. Lou N. Turner, Dodson, Virginia, would like an a, b, c, book for her little boy.

12. Please send me some third and fourth readers for my little nine-year-old girl, and any other books suitable for her will be thankfully received. She would like to have an easy little geography. I am sick nearly all the time, and she has to stay at home with me: has been to school but three weeks this winter, and I have to teach her at home. She can read and loves books so well. Mrs. Wesley Harrington, Polkton, North Carolina.

13. I am poor and lonely. I was born and raised in Old Virginia. Our father brought us to Texas, December, 1904. All seems strange and lonely; nine in the family and my mother the only member that belongs to any church,—that is, the Missionary Baptist Church. Rev. E. C. Davis of Floyd County, Virginia, her pastor.

My mother's health is very bad, and she is so lonely here. I would be so thankful for any kind of reading to pass away the time and cheer the home. I will pass on to the needy. I have five brothers, one sister, all fond of reading. Among them I have a little brother who is crippled, and mother wishes he might have some reading. We live six miles from the depot. Some good schools, but a very long distance. (Miss) Dollie Brammer, Rhome, Wise County, Texas, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 54.

14. My dear little messenger of comfort, *The Cheerful Letter*, has fulfilled its mission so faithfully that now, when I am "shut in" again, I want to write and thank each one of you for your help, and especially the one who sends it to me. It has been a long time since I have had any reading, in fact years. Can any one send me the *Churchman*? I am so anxious to have it. Mrs. Nannie S. Tyne, Powcan, Virginia.

15. It has been some time since I have received any reading from *The Cheerful Letter*. One lady sends me *Everybody's Magazine*, which we thoroughly enjoy, but I would like something else, also.

There are four of us in the family now, my husband and two small children. It has been a hard winter for us, as we have had so much sickness. My husband has rheumatism badly, but he works. For a while he was unable to walk a step and was confined to the house. It seems hard that he cannot get anything to help him, for it is necessary that he should work: then again he is so young, to be crippled up with rheumatism. He has doctored, but nothing seems to do much good. So you may see we cannot afford to buy much of any reading, so would be glad of some; for there are lots of times

when I am rocking baby to sleep that I can read. Mother used to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal*, also the *Youth's Companion* after they had been read. I would be glad of them, also the book "St. Elmo." Any magazines would be enjoyed. I hope I may receive some reading, for I miss it. When mother was alive, she was a great reader and used to receive so much reading from the Cheerful Letter friends. Mrs. William H. Thompson, Barneveld, New York, R. F. D. No. 1.

Mrs. J. Porter's address is Doerun, Georgia.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TEACHING ARITHMETIC: THE WRONG WAY.

The reason why Hubert was such a poor scholar was because he had become discouraged. He had never gone farther in arithmetic than "Long Division," and it seemed to him that long division was something that he could never learn.

He had found multiplication very hard. He did not know the multiplication table very well, and so he often made mistakes in multiplying. So his teacher put him forward into short division, saying that she was going to put him into a new place, and hoped that he would do better there than he had done.

Not long after this a new teacher came, and, when, in asking the several scholars where they were in their studies, she came to Hubert, he told her that he was in short division.

"In short division!" she repeated, with an air of surprise. "Why you ought to be farther than that, such a great boy as you. You must try to get along faster, or people will think you are a dunce."

So she opened the book at long division, and directed him to begin there.

"It is all explained in the book how to do the sums," she said. "You must read the explanations, and then take the first sum and do it. When it is done, bring it to me, and I'll tell you if it is right."

So Hubert took the book and slate to his seat, and looked at the place where the teacher told him the explanations were. Now it is true that the process was all fully explained there; but it is a great art to understand explanations of processes from a printed book, and it was an art that Hubert had never learned. He looked at the explanations, and it seemed to him that he never could understand them. Then he looked down below to see what the first example was. It was to divide 34,108 by 23. He wrote the dividend on the slate and also the divisor at the left of it, with a curved line between, as he had been accustomed to do in short division, and then stopped. He had no idea what to do next. He looked back to the explanations, but did not see anything there which seemed to tell him what to do. So he sat still and did nothing.

By and by the teacher called him to her desk to show her his work, but found that he had not done anything. She asked him why he had not done the sum. He said that he did not know how to do it.

"Why, it's very easy," said she. "The first thing is to see how many times 23 will go into 34. It will go once. So write down the 1."

Hubert wrote the figure 1 on his slate down below the sum.

"No, not there," said the teacher. "I should think you would know better than that."

Hubert had written it under the sum, because the teacher had directed him to write it *down*, and he thought that that was down.

"You must write it in the quotient," she said, speaking a little impatiently.

Hubert did not know where the quotient was, and so he stood looking at a vacant spot in the air, half-way between his eyes and the slate, utterly bewildered.

"Here!" said the teacher, "give me the pencil."

So she took the pencil out of Hubert's hand, and, making a little curved line on the right-hand of the dividend, with its concave face toward the right, she wrote the 1 beyond it.

"There," said she, "now take your seat and multiply. After you have multiplied, you know you subtract, and then you bring down the next figure, and then divide again, and so on. It is very easy to do if you will only exercise your wits a little."

So Hubert went back to his seat, but he had no idea at all what he was to do. The teacher had told him that he was to multiply something or other, and also that he was to exercise his wits. So he sat for a while in his seat, sometimes looking vacantly at his slate, then at the explanations in the book, and then for a while his attention was turned to watching a fly that was walking along over his slate, trying to find something to eat there. Hubert wondered whether the fly could eat slate-pencil marks, and waited to see whether, when he reached the figure 1 which the teacher had made in the quo-

tient, as she had called it, he would eat it. The idea of a fly eating a quotient for dinner brought a smile to his face. He suppressed the smile as soon as he could, but not before the teacher saw him, and she at once put down a black mark against his name for playing in study hours.

When the arithmetic hour had expired, the teacher gave all the scholars something else to do; but at the close of the school she made a second mark against Hubert's name, for failure in arithmetic.

Hubert went on in pretty much the same way as this, in trying to learn long division, until at length his mother died, and soon afterward he came to live with his aunt.

His aunt, after he had been at her house some days, began to consider what it would be best to do in respect to his studies. One thing she thought which might be done was to find some good school to send him to. Another plan was to find a suitable person to come and teach him at home. Mrs. Wood could not decide at once what would be the best plan, and so she said to herself that she would think about it, and in the mean while she would endeavor to find time to attend to his lessons a little herself.

She accordingly took occasion one day to question Hubert a little about his studies. Among other things she asked him how far he had gone in arithmetic.

"As far as long division."

"Haven't you got farther than that?" she asked.

Hubert shook his head.

His aunt looked surprised. "I suppose, at any rate, you have got *through* long division," said she, "so that you can do all the sums in that rule?"

Hubert looked a little ashamed, and said, "That he had only begun it."

His aunt paused a moment, with a somewhat dissatisfied and disappointed expression of countenance, and then said:—

"That is rather discouraging, Hubert, I must say. I had heard that you were very backward in your studies, but I had hoped that you were further advanced than that. But still we must make the best of it, I suppose. I will help you all I can. Long division is very easy, and, if you are smart, you can learn it very soon."

"I thought it was very hard," said Hubert.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Wood. "I have known boys a great deal younger than you that could do all the sums in that rule very well. You mustn't call long division hard. If you do, I do not know what you'll say to what you'll come to by and by. However, we will see. I must do something before long about your studies, to help you make up for lost time. You see you won't like, when you go to school again, to have everybody laugh at you for being so backward, and thinking that you are a dunce."

Mrs. Wood talked in this way to Hubert, thinking that by making him ashamed of his ignorance she should stimulate him to make greater efforts to acquire knowledge. But the effect of what she said was unfortunately only to discourage him. He felt as if there was an immense wall of difficulty before him on the road of arithmetic, one which he did not see how it was possible for him to surmount. He hated arithmetic more than ever.—*Jacob Abbott, in "Hubert."*

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

III.

Perhaps I may properly introduce here an account of the manifestations of mind in the animals I have had the most opportunity of observing. I have a horse, who was named Rubezahl, after the mountain spirit of the Harz, made famous in the stories of Musaeus. We have contracted his name to Ruby for convenience. Now I have reason to believe that Ruby can distinguish Sunday from other days. On Sunday I have been in the habit of driving to Boston to church; but on other days I drive to the neighboring village, where are the post-office, shops of mechanics, and other stores. To go to Boston, I usually turn to the right when I leave my driveway; to go to the village, I turn to the left. Now, on Sunday, if I leave the reins loose, so that the horse may do as he pleases, he invariably turns to the right and goes to Boston. On other days, he as invariahly turns to the left and goes to the village. He does this so constantly and regularly that none of the family have any doubt of the fact that he knows that it is Sunday. *How* he knows it we are unable to discover. I have left my house at the same hour on Sunday and on Monday, in the same carriage, with the same number of persons in it; and yet on Sunday he always turns to the right and on Monday to the left. He is fed at the same time on Sunday as on other days; but the man comes back to harness him a little later on Sunday than at other times, and that is possibly his method of knowing that it is the day for going to Boston. But see how much of observation, memory, and thought is implied in all this.

Again, Ruby has shown a very distinct

feeling of the supernatural. Driving one day up a hill near my house, we met a horse-car coming down toward us, running without horses, simply by the force of gravity. My horse became so frightened that he ran into the gutter, and nearly overturned me, and I got him past with the greatest difficulty. Now he had met the cars coming down that hill, drawn by horses, a hundred times, and had never been alarmed. Moreover only a day or two after, in going up the same hill, we saw a car moving up hill, before us, where the horses were entirely invisible, being concealed by the car itself, which was between us and them. But this did not frighten Ruby at all. He evidently said to himself, "The horses are there, though I do not see them." But in the other case it seemed to him an effect without cause—something plainly supernatural. There was nothing in the aspect of the car itself to alarm him. He had seen that often enough. He was simply terrified by seeing it move, without any adequate cause—just as we should be if we saw our chairs begin to walk about the room.

Our Newfoundland dog's name is Donatello, which, again, is shortened to Don in common parlance. He has all the affectionate and excellent qualities of his race. He is the most good-natured creature I ever saw. Nothing provokes him. Little dogs may yelp at him, the cat or kittens may snarl and spit at him. He pays no attention to them. A little dog climbs on his back, and lies down there. One of the cats will lie between his legs. But at night, when he is on guard, no one can approach the house unchallenged.

But his affection for the family is very great. To be allowed to come into the house and lie down near us is his chief happiness. He was very fond of my son E., who played with him a good deal, and, when the young man went away, during the war, with a three months' regiment, Don was much depressed by his absence. He walked down regularly to the station, and stood there till a train of cars came in; and, when his friend did not arrive in it, he went back, with a melancholy air, to the house. But at last the young man returned. It was in the evening, and Don was lying on the piazza. As soon as he saw his friend, his exultation knew no bounds. He leaped upon him, and ran round him, barking and showing the wildest signs of delight. All at once he turned and ran up into the garden, and came back bringing an apple, which he laid down at the feet of his young master. It was the only thing he could think of to do for him, and this sign of his affection was quite pathetic.

The reason why Don thought of the apple was probably this. We had taught him to go and get an apple for the horse, when so directed. We would say, "Go, Don, get an apple for poor Ruby." Then he would run up into the garden and bring an apple, and hold it up to the horse; and perhaps, when the horse tried to take it, he would pull it away. After doing this a few times, he would finally lie down on his back under the horse's nose, and allow the latter to take the apple from his mouth. He would also kiss the horse, on being told to do so. When we said, "Don, kiss poor Ruby," he leaped up and kissed the horse's nose. But he afterward hit upon a more convenient method of doing it. He got his paw over the rein and pulled down the horse's head so that he could continue the osculatory process more at his ease, sitting comfortably on the ground.

Animals know when they have done wrong, so far, at least, as that means disobeying our will or command. The only great fault which Don ever committed was stealing a piece of meat from our neighbor's kitchen. I do not think he was punished or even scolded for it; for we did not find it out till later, when it would have done no good to punish him. But a week or two after that the gentleman whose kitchen had been robbed was standing on my lawn, talking with me, and he referred, laughingly, to what Don had done. He did not even look at the dog, much less change his tones to those of rebuke. But the moment Don heard his name mentioned, he turned and walked away, and hid himself under the low branches of a Norway spruce near by. He was evidently profoundly ashamed of himself. Was this the result of conscience or of the love of approbation? In either case it was very human.

That the love of approbation is common to many animals we all know. Dogs and horses certainly can be influenced by praise and blame, as easily as men. Many years ago we had occasion to draw a load of gravel, and we put Ruby into a tip-cart to do the work. He was profoundly depressed, and evidently felt it as a degradation. He hung his head and showed such marks of humiliation that we never have done it since. But on the other hand, when he goes out, under the saddle, by the side of a young horse, this veteran animal tries as hard to appear young as any old bachelor of sixty years who is still ambitious of social triumphs. He dances along, and goes

sideways, and has all the airs and graces of a young colt. All this, too, is very human.

At one time my dog was fond of going to the railway station to see the people, and I always ordered him to go home, fearing he would be hurt by the cars. He easily understood that, if he went there, it was contrary to my wishes. Nevertheless, he often went; and I do not know but this fondness for forbidden fruit was rather human, too. So, whenever he was near the station, if he saw me coming, he would look the other way, and pretend not to know me. If he met me anywhere else, he always bounded to meet me with great delight. But at the station it was quite different. He would pay no attention to my whistle or my call. He even pretended to be another dog, and would look me right in the face without apparently recognizing me. He gave me the cut direct in the most impertinent manner, the reason evidently being that he knew he was doing what was wrong, and did not like to be found out. Possibly he may have relied a little on my near-sightedness in this manœuvre.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

I may here conclude the story of my religious life extending through the years after the above-described momentous change. After a time, occupied in part with study and with efforts to be useful to our poor neighbors and to my parents, my deism was lifted to a higher plane by one of those inflowings of truth which seem the simplest things in the world, but are as rain on the dry ground in summer to the mind which receives them. One day, while praying quietly, the thought came to me with extraordinary lucidity: "God's goodness is what *I mean* by Goodness! It is not a mere title, like the 'Majesty' of a king. He has really that character which we call 'Good.' He is Just, as I understand Justice, only more perfectly just. He is Good as I understand Goodness, only more perfectly good. He is not good in time and tremendous in eternity, not good to some of his creatures and cruel to others, but wholly, eternally, universally good. If I could know and understand all his acts from eternity, there would not be one which would not deepen my reverence and call forth my adoring praise."

To some readers this discovery may seem a mere platitude and truism, the assertion of a thing which they have never failed to understand. To me it was a real revelation which transformed my religion from one of reverence only, into one of vivid love for that Infinite Goodness which I then beheld unclouded. The deep shadow left for years on my soul by the doctrine of eternal hell had rolled away at last. Another truth came home to me many years later, and not till after I had written my first book. It was one night, after sitting up late in my room reading (for once) no grave work, but a pretty little story by Mrs. Gaskell. Up to that time I had found the pleasures of knowledge the keenest of all, and gloried in the old philosopher's *dictum*, "Man was created to know and to contemplate."

I looked on the pleasures of the affections as secondary and inferior to those of the intellect, and I strove to perform my duties to those around me, rather in a spirit of moral rectitude and obedience to law than in one of loving-kindness. Suddenly again it came to me to see that Love is greater than Knowledge; that it is more beautiful to serve our brothers freely and tenderly, than to "hive up learning with each studious year," to compassionate the failures of others and ignore them when possible, rather than undertake the hard process (I always found it so!) of forgiveness of injuries; to say, "What may I be allowed to do to help and bless this one—or that?" rather than "What am I bound by duty to do for him or her, and how little will suffice?" As these thoughts swelled in my heart, I threw myself down in a passion of happy tears, and passed most of the night thinking how I should work out what I had learned. I had scarcely fallen asleep toward morning when I was waked by the intelligence that one of the servants, a young laundress, was dying. I hurried to the poor woman's room, which was at a great distance from mine, and found all the men and women servants collected around her. She wished for some one to pray for her, and there was no one to do it but myself; and so, while the innocent girl's soul passed away, I led, for the first and only time, the prayers of my father's household.

Autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe.

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

BOSTON, Feb. 10, 1839.

My dear James,—I received your munificent present with gratitude; but I had like to have put it into my paint box without opening it, for I should not have dreamed of finding gold in that old asphaltum box. I

will buy the silver cup forthwith and send it. I am afraid you will not have money enough left for your wedding expenses if you are so generous. If you want anything else bought, you had better let me get it and pay for it with some of these gold pieces, as I shall do the cup.

Mr. Emerson says he must give you fresh copies of these two little poems if you wish for them. He will bring them to me next week. The "Good-bye" he says was written in the beginning of things. Your caricatures and those of Mr. Cranch meet with the most distinguished success. I think them admirable, particularly the "refractory facts," and the idealist building his world. Mr. and Mrs. Ripley have been convulsed with delight, as also Edmund Dana and Miss Mary Dana. Even Dwight does not think them profane, and wants to show them to Mr. Emerson; is sure he would enjoy them. I think I shall let him do so, and then where will you be?

We had, last week, a lecture on "Comedy," and Mr. Emerson says that the sense of the comic is the pledge of sanity. I am sure he will think that you and Mr. Cranch are safe from that danger. You are neither phlegmatic nor mystic souls, it is clearly evident.

I am staying at the Counsellor's this week. I find in Anna a strong seeking after unknown things. Mr. Dwight brought me some of Mr. Cranch's scratching designs to look at in return for the pleasure yours had given him, and the Counsellor, seeing them, thought it a great pity an artist of such talent should waste himself as a preacher, wherewith I did not agree with him. It seems to me a happy alleviation of the gravity of your profession that you can thus entertain yourselves with the comic side of solemn thoughts. If they have a comic side, for Heaven's sake let us find it out, let us look at it!

To-day is Sunday. I went to hear Dr. Channing in the morning, and instead of that heard Dr. Gannett. In the afternoon I went with Anna Curtis and Anna Shaw to hear Waterston preach, which was infinitely better, indeed it was truly edifying. Then I thought I could finish the day by a visit to Mr. Alcott, and these two good girls walked with me to the other extremity of the town where he abides. You would like Anna Shaw, I think. She is like a Saxon princess, gentle and wise, beautiful and modest, with ringlets like the daughters of Odin, and a slightly transcendental cast of intellect. This is something in a belle and an heiress, is it not?

Mr. Alcott I found seated in his little school-room, overflowing with philosophic lore. Mrs. Alcott wants to know if you know if Mr. Scarborough is going to marry, or has married, a lady of fifty slaves. I finished the evening at the Sullivans', where I looked over for the fourth time those pencil sketches which were made by S— N— when in the —— Hospital. I don't think you ever saw them, but, the more I study them, the more they seem inspired. I took Mr. Emerson to see them, knowing that he likes spontaneous things, and he was highly gratified with them.

It may be news to you that Robert Waterston is going to marry Anna Quincey. She who was once designated as the daughter of the house. It surprises every one a good deal.

I send you a few of my water color performances. I hope one day to do some deeds in the sketching line which will surprise you.

Farewell,

Yours,

SARAH.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answer to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

ACROSTIC.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal beginning with the upper right hand letter and ending with the lower left hand letter will spell the name of an Indian woman famous in history.

1. A legislative body.
2. A famous poet.
3. A River of California.
4. A famous siege of the Crimean War.
5. A city in New Hampshire.
6. A constellation.
7. Pertaining to Franconia.
8. A city in England.
9. An Indian tribe of North America.
10. A Greek historian.

II.

FAMOUS AMERICANS IN ANAGRAMS.

1. Grace Reyho Lee.
2. Susan L. Gressty.

3. Leny H. Cary.
4. He had been wry cerr.
5. So he rode over to let.
6. G. G. Weeg to Aron Shin.
7. We'll rest in a bed.
8. My light'd wood.

—*Selected.*

III.

CONUNDRUMS.

6. Of what trade are all the Presidents of the United States?

7. What is the greatest surgical operation on record?

IV.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

In what books do they figure?

1. John Ridd.
2. Agnes Wakefield.
3. Pomona.
4. Dorothea Brooke.
5. Dorothy Manners.
6. Glory Quayle.

—*Selected.*

V.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

Roman mythology: each number represents a corresponding letter in the alphabet.

1, 16, 15, 12, 12, 15, is the god of light.

3, 5, 18, 5, 19, is the goddess of agriculture.

10, 21, 16, 9, 20, 5, 18, is the king of the gods.

4, 9, 1, 14, 1, is the goddess of hunting.

14, 5, 16, 20, 21, 14, 5, is the god of the sea.

13, 9, 14, 5, 18, 22, 1, is the goddess of arts and sciences.

16, 12, 21, 20, 15, is the god of the lower world.

16, 15, 13, 15, 14, 1, is the goddess of gardens and fruit trees.

Answers to Puzzles in April Number.

I. ENIGMA.

Goose well roasted is the gift of God.

II. CONUNDRUMS.

3. Smiles,—because there is a mile between the first and last letter.

4. Noah, when he took Ham into the ark.

5. A quarter to three.

III.

a = aside, b = beside, c= seaside, d = decide.

IV. HIDDEN CITIES.

1. Dublin. 2. Constantinople. 3. Quebec. 4. Toronto. 5. St. Paul.

V. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Chester A. Arthur.
2. Oliver Wendell Holmes.
3. Abraham Lincoln.
4. Henry W. Longfellow.
5. Edward Everett Hale.
6. James Russell Lowell.

MURDEROUS MILLINERY.

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
—*Longfellow, "Tales of a Wayside Inn."*

One of the most pitiful sights in London is the sale of thousands of birds of paradise, humming-birds, parrots, owls, terns, kingfishers, finches, swallows, crown-pigeons, tanagers, cardinals, golden orioles, and other bright tropical creatures, besides hundreds of packages of the long, loose, waving "osprey" plumes taken from the backs of various species of small white herons and egrets. Last year, in London alone, to give only two conspicuous instances, the feathers of 150,000 herons and egrets were sold and over 40,000 birds of paradise.

Steadily, year after year, this appalling waste of bird-life goes on, not for the purpose of food or warmth or any wise economic reason, but solely to minister to a "fashion" in millinery that consists in the wearing by women in their bonnets and hats of the dead and mutilated bodies of one or more birds. The very existence of the beautiful bird of paradise is endangered so that a fashionable woman may flaunt from toque or picture-hat a bunch of its plumes. The most beautiful and wonderful species are rapidly being exterminated, many are on the verge of extinction, whilst others have entirely disappeared. In our own country some thirty species of British birds are named by Mr. W. H. Hudson, a noted authority, as either having been extirpated or in a fair way of becoming so in recent years.

The trader, who waxes fat on this infamous trade, and the feathered woman, vain and heedless, or ignorant and thoughtless, as the case may be, are jointly responsible for this state of affairs. The fashion of wearing birds and their plumage is in itself indefensibly cruel. Nothing can excuse the wanton destruction and the wearing of any bird not killed for the purpose of food other than the ostrich, which sheds its feathers naturally. Every lover of nature, every person of humane feeling, every thinking woman, once she knows the facts, must regard this traffic as infamous. It is hardly

credible that any woman who once realizes how and when an "osprey" is procured could bring herself to wear one. It cannot be too often repeated or too widely known that to secure these graceful plumes not only is there wholesale slaughter of the adult birds, but, as these feathers are worn by the white herons and egrets during the breeding season only, and by both sexes, their death insures that of thousands of young by the most horrible of fates,—that of slow starvation. These "nesting" plumes, then, are the outward and visible sign of man's inhumanity and woman's criminal ignorance and, alas! heedless vanity and indifference to cruelty.

The late Queen Victoria was so impressed by the knowledge of these facts when they were brought to her notice that an order was issued for the substitution of ostrich plumes for the "ospreys" then worn in the headdress of officers in certain regiments of the army. The present queen also desires it to be known that she never wears osprey feathers herself and discountenances their use wherever possible. Many ladies of high degree, including the Duchesses of Portland, Northumberland, and Somerset, are avowed enemies of the fashion, and there is hope that, with wider knowledge of the cruelties practised in securing these plumes, the good taste of the vast majority of women will become apparent and they will cease to be parties to it. Already many women have a vague idea that there is something not quite right in wearing ospreys and soothe their consciences, when their milliner is persuasive, by buying what they fondly believe to be "artificial" ospreys. *There is no such thing as an "artificial" osprey.* The term is merely a trade one, given to inferior parts of the feather by unscrupulous dealers, who thus get over any qualms a purchaser may have. It is argued that these so-called artificial feathers are sold at such a ridiculously low figure that they cannot possibly be real. When it is understood that some of the feathers are of great length, even attaining some sixteen or seventeen inches, it is readily seen that three or four plumes may be cut from one. The tip is, of course, the most valuable and fetches a high price, so much so that the dealer can well afford to sell the lower end for a mere trifle,—the $6\frac{3}{4}d.$ or even $4\frac{3}{4}d.$ that lulls suspicion.

The only hope of stamping out this fashion lies in the force of public opinion. Once let it be understood that it is "bad form" to wear dead birds or portions of them, and particularly ospreys, on one's person, even only from the æsthetic point of view, then there is a chance of this horrible fashion dying out. The men must help by forwarding wise legislation on the subject of the protection of birds, and by constant supervision of the millinery of their feminine belongings; but it is to the women themselves we must look for any real result. If women decided that feathers should not be worn, always excepting the ostrich feather, they would soon cease to be worn. All honor to the women who refuse to wear them,—and they are many,—and thus lift a little of the reproach that sits so hardly on the so-called gentle sex.—*Littell's Living Age.*

SUGGESTION TO TRAVELLERS.

Perhaps some of our readers are going abroad this summer. If so, they may visit Paris. The last time I was in Paris I thought there was an improvement in the way the cab horses were treated. Yet something remains to be desired. I suppose few travellers spend a week in Paris without wishing that they could pay some part of their cab fares directly to the gentle, patient horse who transports them about the city instead of handing all to the driver. Well, this can be done, and I will tell them how to do it.

Give something to the *Société Protectrice des Animaux.* The headquarters of this society are at No. 84, Rue de Grenelle; but it has its boxes in many places for contributions.

If every American who goes to Paris this summer would give *one franc* to the society, its finances would be in a flourishing condition.

The headquarters of the Naples Humane Society are at No. 22, Piazza della Borsa, and the director is Mr. Leonard T. Hawksley. This society does a very important work.

Copies of the Italian translation of "Black Beauty" may be obtained at 19 Milk Street, Boston, for a small sum. It is an excellent thing to give to an Italian cab driver.

L. F. C.

A REQUEST.

I am taking a course in illustration by correspondence, and desire to study good illustrations of all kinds, especially pen-and-ink drawings. Will any one who has them to spare send me drawings by Charles Dana Gibson of a size that can be copied? I have a few, but they are very small ones, such as are used in the advertisements of his books. I should be glad of larger ones, particularly the one entitled "His , as I have an opportunity of selling a copy of

that. Any articles on the subject of drawing would be greatly appreciated. Address Miss Margaret A. Richards, Box 35, R. F. D. 4, Newberry, South Carolina.

(The editor regrets that the only word in this note that she cannot read is the title of the drawing. Perhaps those who have drawings to send will communicate directly with Miss Richards.)

POLITENESS.

I was in a compartment with a French boy of twelve, the precise age at which American children, as a rule, are rude. He was dressed faultlessly, but his clothes were not the chief charm. I sat between him and the open window, and he was eating pears. Now, an American boy of that age would either have dropped the cores on the floor or tossed them out of the window without a word to anybody. But this small gentleman every time, with a "Permit me, Monsieur," said in the most pleasant way, rose and came to the window, and dropped them out, and then "Merci, Monsieur," as he quietly took his seat. It was a delight. I am sorry to say that such boys do not travel on American railroads to any alarming extent. Would they were more frequent.—*Nasby.*

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